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POEM

BY

GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND

READ AT

DRAWYER'S

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,

NEW CASTLE COUNTY, DELAWARE,

JUNE 1st, 1902.

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From "Every Evening,"

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# MEMORIAL POEM

AT THE

One Hundred and Ninety-first Celebration

OF

## DRAWYER'S CHURCH,

JUNE 1, 1902.

BY GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND.

Sixty Years after the Rev. George Foot's Historical  
Address. (1)

Calm, restful scene, along the Drawyer's  
creek

That points its filaments to Chesapeake,  
And in old days the carrying ferry there  
Received the vessels of the Delaware!

I seem to see the periaugers work  
By pole and sail up to the ancient kirk;  
Towed through the marshes, see the  
Dutchman's barge

Roll out its barrels and its slaves dis-  
charge,

To take Lord Herman's forest-blazed way  
To Maryland and the Bohemia, (2)

1—Rev. George Foot's sermon, delivered  
when Mr. Townsend was fifteen months  
old, was, with other of Mr. Foot's writ-  
ings, the earliest history of Delaware.

2—Augustine Herman, Lord of Bohemia  
Manor, Md., blazed a path to the Dela-  
ware in 1671.

Ere sounds of preaching from the church  
 of logs  
 Haunted the clearings and the lilled bogs,  
 In that raw time when, past the fish-  
 hawk's nest,  
 This was the postern of the weanling  
 West.

They seemed right old who worshipped in  
 that van,  
 And had no altar service from Queen  
 Anne!  
 Four conquests had already theirs been,  
 then—  
 The Swede, the Dutch, the English, and  
 the Penn!

Soon will two centuries their funerals  
 hold  
 Above this graveyard filled with human  
 mold:  
 How long! how short!—all is comparative.  
 The New World is that span in which to  
 live.  
 Death and Eternity once had their prime;  
 Life now is victor,—everlasting Time!

The slender bendings of the pure white  
 stream,  
 Like children's limbs meandering in their  
 dream  
 O'er the green coverlets of marsh and  
 wood,  
 Fill with the morning tide in bounding  
 flood.  
 The Moon that, over Drawyer's grey  
 abides  
 Draws the fresh sea through young pube-  
 scent tides;  
 Not even old is this old Kirk's sound core.  
 Straight in its lines and stately pillared  
 door  
 As gallant as a widower's suggest.  
 Who looks around and takes new interest.



Come to the old householder with your  
plumes.

And leave him not forever to his tombs.  
Young nymphs! and ye of more meridian  
charms,

Who have been sheltered in his timber  
arms!

Say not he's old, but wealthy and retired,  
And hale enough to be again admired!

Perhaps your footstep on the stepping  
stile

Thrills through his marrow up the solid  
aisle

And the green Gilead trees beside the  
gate

Drop balm to him, who is not all sedate.  
He knows what bright thoughts to your  
mothers came

When he was young and they were ves-  
tal flame;

Up to his skirt the green woods creep in  
youth,

Like Boaz courted by the willowy Ruth.

There's ivy on the walls that still are red;  
The robin sips the dew-drops o'er the  
dead;

The cedars are so dark, the poplars shine,  
And hold the bank the creek would un-  
dermine;

Like the collection-silver flash the perch;  
The turtle on the tussock sleeps by  
church,—

What boy did never of a Sunday wish  
It was not wicked that day to catch  
fish?—

The speckled Holsteins graze on clover  
hills;

The saucy cat-bird morn and evening  
trills;

Shall we not think in fields so fresh, se-  
rene

All of our life is not the closing scene?

But touch the hymnal key, when long ere  
while,

God looked upon creation with a smile?

Land of my youth! when past three score  
I am.—

Like to the beaver to his beaver-dam  
I do return, these streams and levels to,  
And what was old, to my old age seems  
new;

Because I here Youth's Orient reclaim,  
Like an old picture in its picture frame.

I see myself a child in fancy big,  
Riding the circuits in my father's gig,  
Past the thorn hedges and the plains of  
peach,  
To sit so long and hear the pulpit preach.

But what was Nature also seemed of  
heaven:

To see the swallows in the church re-  
plevin

Their nests amidst the naked timber  
work.

The good psalm singer drop his tuning  
fork,

The queer old lady with the bonnet deep,  
The wasp that stung us when we were  
asleep,

The wakening and that, increst squeal.—  
How hard the knots! it eased us some to  
kneel!

How, with horse-sense the horses  
neighed for oats!

Why had the sermon so few anecdotes?

Why did he say so many times "once  
more,"

And argue **that**, all argued out before?

Why could those deacons doze, elect and  
well.

Amidst the furious accounts of Hell?—

And after, why at dinner, happy, bright,  
The preacher, splendid in his appetite.

His son respited, though he knew not  
why.

When after turkey came preserves and  
 pie,  
 And some sweet girl the dinner did be-  
 guile,  
 To seek the parlor and to live awhile?  
 Her bright face flashes down the void to  
 me,  
 The beam of beauty's immortality!

To keep the Law, back in the days of old,  
 I had persimmon custard, Sunday, cold;  
 But only once,—I never can forget—  
 I shrink, I whistle, and I pucker yet.  
 Cold apple pie and milk were somewhat  
 sad;  
 Cold huckleberries plagued the growing  
 lad  
 But O persimmons; let me pluck thy  
 tree!  
 For in the custard they do not agree!

In Drawyer's Church we gather now, to  
 be  
 Heirs in its fruitful genealogy.  
 Our parents **loved**; the ashes in the earth  
 Were flambeaus for the dear descend-  
 ants' birth.  
 The human fire, immortal aye recurs  
 Rekindled by eternal worshippers.

Is it for Death we hold this feast of Life,  
 Or altar fire of man and love and wife?  
 See the old shrine left off its time and  
 sphere,  
 Awakened to its youth but once a year!—  
 How this one day restores its nuptial joys  
 As to a mother comes her grown-up  
 boys!  
 Sweet spirits verdured in the turf to be!  
 We are successors of your ecstasy!  
 We the elect of your beloved caress!  
 That ye did love, to us is Holiness.  
 Love rambled from the heaven in its  
 search

And found the maid that was the living  
church!  
Raised man and woman unto heaven's  
degree,  
And made the Faith, the Holy Family!

Long as the young breathe influence from  
the morn  
Earth will be fresh and confidence be  
born!  
Only the old are pious in despair:  
Eden is endless to the strong and fair!

How much of piety was that they wed!  
And that the pastor eulogized their dead!  
The mystic union of the man and wife!  
The church as motor of the social life!  
The new-born babe and its short shrift of  
breath!  
The impotence of prayers, the mocker,  
Death!  
Still the soothsayers round these weird  
flames rove  
And sell their philters or for death or  
love.  
Yet they who lost, oft love a second time  
And o'er the grave full soon the bride-  
flowers climb.  
Awhile we carry wreaths; then less and  
less,  
Visit the mound, till comes forgetfulness.  
This is the thing so magnified before,  
So incidental when the struggle's o'er!  
Then we consider death was for the best,  
Some others are not safe, all **ours** are  
blest!  
To earth again the choice of heaven was  
wife  
And Joseph's children made a heaven' of  
life.

Fair is our land where affluent and wide  
The river rises in its magic tide  
And grim Newcastle's solid bulwark laves  
Around the pier, the battery and graves.

There, while Lord Oliver had killed a  
 King,  
 The Dutch Reformed sat staidly worship-  
 ping,  
 Till came New England on the ships of  
 Carr,  
 And, as it rose fell Nassau's flag in war,  
 Confiscate then was Hinoyossa's ridge  
 And Sheriff Cantwell built the Toll House  
 Bridge  
 And Drawyer's Creek took name, as I  
 opine, (3)  
 From one whose tavern **drew** new ale and  
 wine,  
 Which might account for many a mishap  
 Which gave MacDonough's inn the name  
 of **Trap**.  
 Whisper it soft! our sailor Dutch were  
 fond  
 Of liquor, as a bull-frog of his pond;  
 They brewed Newcastle sleepy as a dunce  
 And e'en Port Penn five taverns had at  
 once.

No doubt malaria was in the air  
 And spirits worked the other end of  
 prayer!  
 Those backwoods Marylanders,—not a  
 few—  
 Came through our province for their  
 mountain dew  
 And making harbor tow'rd their native  
 East,  
 They fell like Noah before ark and beast.  
**So much more reason for repentance lay!**  
 As Tam O Shanter found Kirk Alloway  
 The Dutch, the Irish and the Huguenots  
 The Puritans, Palatinates and Scots!  
 Elders evolved and congregations rose

3—"Give us leave, drawer!"

"Put on two leather jerkins and  
 aprons and wait upon him at his table as  
 drawers."—Shakespeare.

Upon the devil's empire to foreclose.  
 At Pigeon Run the kirkless gravestones  
     see!  
 This old brick Kirk of Appoquinimy!  
 The Forest Kirk, Pencader's by the  
     Forge,  
 Whiteclay and the seceders of St. George!

The Presbyter, he is no Bishop's man;  
 Ecclesiastical Republican.  
 He reasons from his own divinity  
 And his Election, what a God should be!  
 He sets the earth in order and in rule;  
 His inspiration is a human school;  
 'Tis education trims his altar lights  
 And stern his courage for his country's  
     rights.  
 Go read the tombstones where to holy  
     word  
 The heroes of the Kirk await the Lord!  
 Never in tyrants' battle did they fall.  
 And Kirkwood of the Kirk he leads them  
     all.  
 The voice of Haslet to his regiment  
 Had rung in church before he took a tent  
 And he whose life-blood nourished  
     Princeton's sod  
 Had poured the wine and given the bread  
     of God.

Fresh were these bricks in Drawyer's  
     second shrine  
 When swept Knyphausen on to Brandy-  
     wine  
 And brief the time and striking like a  
     knell  
 Came back the news that Philadelphia  
     fell.  
 No star so bright can from the heaven  
     glide  
 As a great city leaning on our side.  
 Then with our sun eclipsed, sad could we  
     say.  
 Our Delaware was a peninsula.

The Valley Forge amidst the hills of sleet  
Shod horses' hoofs but not our soldiers'  
feet,

Unless the shoes by Newark women  
stitched

In the deserted school their lads enriched.  
Sad was it, then, to sell the foe our flocks  
And have our soldiers eat their fighting  
cocks,—

The same which crowed so cavalierly  
when

They heard the Drawyer's elders crow  
"Amen"

For saints and chickens to be fed at last:  
All love to pray but few to pray and fast.

The boundary stones the weird surveyors  
run,

Were hardly old before the war was done,  
And like a babe, born headwards, stood  
the line;

A fairy circle on a slender spine.

The graceful state a milestone seemed to  
be

To end contentions of a century,

Since subtle Herman did the line prepare  
Which ruled the Calverts from the Dela-  
ware

Saved to the Penn his ocean road and  
gate

And gave the young Republic one more  
state. (4)

They sent a herald with a trumpet rude  
To challenge Philadelphia's latitude;  
They might have owned the city had they  
sent

To measure latitude an instrument;

---

4—Augustine Herman at Patuxent, Md.,  
drew the distinction that Lord Balti-  
more's charter was for savage lands and  
not those settled previously by the Dutch;  
the cause of Delaware's boundary split-  
ting the Eastern Shore.

'They had it not and not a point they  
scored.  
The William Penn was mightier than the  
sword.

Deep boundary, that midst a century's  
storms,  
Divided Labor in its rival forms!  
Then on its border glowed with battle  
lamps  
As if the ghost surveyors broke their  
camps!

To be our mart young Willing's city  
strove  
Born like Minerva in the head of Jove.  
A Quaker bride beheld the blending kills,  
From the high shelf of Pennsylvania  
hills,  
Where in the offing wide the river gleams  
And said: "A spirit put it in my dreams  
To be my home and yours." So beauty  
won.  
The Inner Light still beacons Wilmington.

And when hard Stuyvesant whipped them  
at the cart  
His sister Bayard pleaded with his heart  
His Quaker slaves to let go free and  
spare:  
Her children's children ruled the Dela-  
ware, (5)  
While Stuyvesant forfeiting his people's  
love,  
Against their conquest they no longer  
strove;  
Gommorian bigotry had done its work.

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5—Anne Stuyvesant, married to a Bayard, was the progenitor of the Delaware Bayards. O'Callaghan says that Peter Stuyvesant's persecution of the New York Quakers reacted to make the English conquest welcome.



Sure as the Romish heart of James of  
 York;  
 The Quaker scourged, with his proscrib-  
 er dealt  
 Like the shed blood of John of Barnevelt.  
 New Netherlands forgot its ancient name  
 And Holland by intolerance lost its fame.

Long had the church with images been  
 wroth.  
 The Quaker banished church and image  
 both  
 Long had man's mind contended for con-  
 trol,  
 The Quaker's man was **woman** in the  
 soul:  
 No oaths, no fashions and no gallant  
 words  
 The Holy Spirit was the gentle Lord's.  
 Swords put aside, Peace wrought its  
 pleasant ends  
 And our first gentlemen were Quaker  
 Friends.

Penn's welcome brought the Quaker  
 beauties back  
 From Maryland, Virginia, Accomack,  
 The boors rebuked such radiant health to  
 see  
 Heard the plain speech and turned to  
 courtesy.  
 Swede, Dutchman learned from inter-  
 course reprove:  
 Of ardent spirits the best brand is Love!

See Lady Baltimore in love with Fox  
 Who dined with Lovelace in his curling  
 locks  
 And Edmund Andross, once the tyrant  
 man.  
 Happier here than with the Puritan!  
 Penn landing at Newcastle locked the fort  
 And locked out war, the conqueror's re-  
 sort;

With Quakers settled Philadelphia's  
 heights  
 And at the capes the peaceful Mennon-  
 ies;  
 Baptists like them but men of warrior  
 wills,  
 He put his Welch on the disputed hills.  
 To fend the Talbot's kern from Naaman's  
 creek  
 And guard the back-door from the Ches-  
 peake.

Those still, drab Quakers must perforce  
 prevail;  
 They had been Ironsides and charged in  
 mail;  
 They put off armor to prevail again.  
 A Roundhead's daughter was the Lady  
 Penn.  
 His father's fleet against the Spanish  
 swam,  
 His mother was of Dutch from Rotter-  
 dam.  
 So had his coming nothing to provoke  
 For he was cousin to the Holland folk.

The name of William Penn by time di-  
 lates,  
 Founder of two, nay three potential  
 states; (6)  
 His large brain melted in their disson-  
 ance,  
 His old age softened to a childish trance.  
 This day let prejudice forget to work,  
 And make us kindly to the Duke of York!  
 Him whom to Penn his territories sold  
 And took our counties in his great free-  
 hold!  
 The persecuted have the kin of tears,  
 Quaker and Catholic were sorrow's peers,  
 Conscience is obstinate till Love is free,

---

6—Penn's hand was influential to create  
 Delaware, New Jersey and Pennsylvania.

Misfortune leaves pathetic victory.  
 The banished King,—whose daughters, as  
     severe,  
 As were the off-spring of the fierce King  
     Lear.  
 Their husbands joined and pushed him  
     from his realm,—  
 Left Penn, Cordelia, at our shallop's  
     helm;  
 But eighteen years beneath his princely  
     care  
 James, Duke of York, was Lord of Dela-  
     ware.

Bishops and Kings are of the self same  
     trade  
 And yet how easily they can be made!  
 Asbury, Coke, from roaming Presbyters,  
 Ordained themselves while gaped the  
     worshippers,  
 They came afoot and went away ahorse—  
 Bishops we make quicker than Senators!  
 The grain that Whitfield thrashed they  
     gathered in  
 And starved the ritual Bishops from the  
     bin;  
 These hunted foxes far, **those** chickens  
     near,  
 And perfect love is said to cast out fear.  
 Camps and revivals killed the harvest  
     home  
 And made our Barratt's Chapel Peter's  
     Rome.  
 Ye Methodists! however far ye go,  
 Ye must come here to kiss St. Peter's toe!  
     (7)  
 How many ye have grown we do not  
     care  
 We did set up your See in Delaware.

The Kirk was strong when on her pilion  
     slow

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7—The Methodist Episcopal Church be-  
 gan at Barratt's Chapel, Delaware.

'The elect lady rode behind her beau.  
 And when the sermon touched the sub-  
     jects new  
 Of Derry's seige and Saint Bartholemew;  
 Could woman then the later problem  
     span  
 That Eve was ape and Adam not a man?  
 No wonder she some fresher themes be-  
     spoke!  
 Doctrine was long and dying was no joke.  
 Still might she start, to hear the pastor  
     say,  
 "The fashions of this world they pass  
     away,"—  
 Thankful the while her Easter hat o'er-  
     spread,  
 One mercy yet was left above her head!  
 Scowl not that speech and spirit are so  
     free!  
 This is a Sunday but a jubilee.

If one had died for all to burst the grave  
 Life is no "quarry dungeon of the slave."  
 To all condemned, the proclamation give,  
 Gloom's gates are broke that faith and  
     joy may live!

Many regret the fear of death is faint,  
 And most of all the Life Insurance Saint,  
 Whose taxes early from our fears begin  
 Takes but the long-lived and they die to  
     win.

So well has Science measured Time's  
     abyss  
 Time seems a chain of small eternities.  
 Words have no terrors when the mind is  
     free  
 And space, harmonious with geometry.  
 Taint, impuissance, they can never  
     thrive:  
 The sound, the hale, the fit, alone sur-  
     vive;  
 If we appeal from natural selection  
 'Tis not as hard as foreordained election.

Still stern and just is Life whose laws we  
 fear  
 And more than Hell's, we still have judgment here.

Some day our minds from idols shall dis-  
 perse  
 And grasp the safety of the Universe,  
 Not held in tyrant wilfulness and spite,  
 But balanced into orbits exquisite;  
 Spheres rounded like the pebble to the  
 stream  
 That gives propulsion with its sylvan  
 gleam  
 And knows not why it trickles to the sea  
 Except that everything is energy<sup>c</sup>.

Women so take away the male employ  
 Girl seems to us only a smarter boy.  
 Churches to town must move, for modern  
 style  
 Will not to Drawyer's walk a half a mile!  
 Sermons on earthquakes do no more  
 deter  
 Than former fires that burnt some thea-  
 tre.  
 A science primer studied by the cook  
 Grandmother convert to a Darwin book.  
 The small boy ciphering on arcs and volts  
 Insurers stolid about thunderbolts,—  
 'Tis getting hard new judgments to in-  
 vent  
 Or stop a man in business "to repent."

Time is so occupied none love the slow  
 And life is comfortable as a show.  
 Mourn as I may about that dear old Past,  
 I hope the Undertaker nailed it fast!  
 The butterfly enjoys his gaudy bliss,  
 The caterpillar loves his chrysalis;  
 Who with events keeps energetic tryst  
 Values not life that's merely to exist,  
 Nor tells the dreams that crawl about his  
 rest,—  
 The soundest sleeper is the healthiest.

Death is a bore we will not halt until  
 He comes to business and we pay his bill.  
 Why shall we cringe to him more than  
 the brave

Who storm the ramparts to a glorious  
 grave?

Life is such battle that whom can go  
 through

Is also hero, to his colors true!

The fear of death, gone with the death of  
 fear,

Leaves life artistic and the soul sincere,

Not like those fancies in my youth I saw  
 Of people dressed in white with smirks of  
 awe,

Waiting to rise to heaven in our sight,

Predicted that day by some Millerite;

And ostentatious piety makes pain

Like calling history "sacred and profane."

Sheep need not labels to be told from  
 goats

And natures turn not when men turn  
 their coats,

Great pagans blessed the world with wis-  
 dom's ken

Here in a Temple cried a Jew "Amen."

The sacred are the mighty sages gone

Whose light led in the fluctuating dawn,

Some sacerdotal and some secular,—

But ignorance has not a single Star.

One likes to preach whom preaching often  
 tired,

And in the pulpit feels a bit inspired.

Yon island drowned in lava, never starts  
 The thought of judgment but in lava  
 hearts;

It speaks the lesson of material might,

The sun's combustion for our power and  
 light,

The craters that are spots upon its face,

The whirling world that mocks the en-  
 gine's pace,

Yet is not fast as Thought, that can for-  
see  
The comet's voyage back with certainty!

Pliny, when Paul was preaching, learning  
drew  
To climb Vesuvius for a nearer view.  
Science was his religion and his guide,  
He breathed the vapors and the hero died.

The young Duponts acquired their chem-  
ist skill  
With great Lavoisier in his powder mill—  
Him who took air apart with balance  
keen  
And lost his wise head on the guillotine.

Why shall we over all occasions cant,  
And find a moral like an elephant?  
Blest be the preacher Priestly by whose  
care,  
Rose soda fountains in a brewer's beer!  
Blest among doctors be that worlding's  
ken  
Who did bring forth the baby Oxygen!  
Glory to all, who when our fight is fought,  
Leave for them, after us, a nobler  
thought!

Where is our peach, exquisite to the eye?  
Gone to a soil where it can live, not die.  
Within the seed may tree and fruit be  
found  
We burn the barren orchard to the  
ground.

Seven hundred years all of our modern  
bloods,  
Were wolves and bears out of the Ger-  
man woods;  
A thousand more revenging of the Lord,  
They harried lesser wolves with fire and  
sword.  
Were every deed eternally foreseen  
Why not Columbus in his bold marine?—

Why not the half-world that he was to  
roam

When orphan Judah wailed to have a  
home?

But having claimed it with the crucifix  
They hanged each other up as heretics.

Who can find God on this abortive plan,—  
Man as a God and God another man?

Just civilized above the crawling clod,  
Why is he so precocious to see God?—  
The footstool leave and to the throne re-  
pair?

When instinct tells him God is every-  
where?

'Tis the material universe which pulls  
The faith far out from signs and miracles.  
Phlogiston, spirits, **anima**, have been;  
The ghost of Ether walks to stars unseen.  
Electric pulses visit streets and rooms,  
And ghosts are everywhere, except in  
tombs:

All honest ghosts, good stewards, without  
stilt,

Who came abroad from neither good nor  
guilt:

The spirits of the ring and lamp who hie  
Through caverns served by mighty genii.

Till clerical imagination sees,

Beyond the crone's or child's credulities,  
This Matter, without end or substitute,

Whose revelations nothing can dispute,  
Which has its laws no mote can disobey,

Cannot remove and must forever stay,—  
Its hold upon the living will be less.

Who stand in Nature's noble diocess.

The world exploded, still an orb will be,

Brought to its form by central gravity!

Why do all bodies in attraction move?

Is that material motor also love?

Man's breaking laws unto our thought ap-  
pears



Part of the aberration of the spheres.  
Dogma has slain more than the pest's effect;

The dire volcano in its intellect.  
This text of Solomon shall bend thy knee:  
"Through Knowledge shall the just delivered be!"

The source of all ideas is the Mind;  
The weakest heads most obstinate we find.

Good sense did man nor woman ever smirch;  
It beats all fashions of the state or church!  
The slavish queens in their confessors' chains,  
The fires of Inquisition in their veins,  
Aye had aversion to reality,  
And left to scorn a demon pedigree.  
In love of children is devotion shown!—  
We love the angels when we love our own!

Unto Nodines and Vandegrifts,—whose dust  
Rises through dews, like memories of the just,—  
Whom he ejected from their land of France  
And broke the edict of their Tolerance.  
To emigrate these forest slews upon!—  
Louis was less the wretch than Maintenon!  
Cold hearted piety was in her trade!  
To her own parents' creed, the renegade;  
Propriety, conformity, her blots;  
How hate the Jezebel our Huguenots!

Though all men die, 'tis seldom learning dies,  
And from their graves walk lost discoveries.

Thus, dowered by nations which have  
 died before—  
 The Greek, Egyptian, Mongol and the  
 Moor—  
 Learning has set its bow on raindrops  
 small,  
 From each refracted to the arch of all.

Philosophy the growling heavens to feel  
 Brought down the Jove behind the thun-  
 der peal.  
 Taught him to read, to message and to  
 write,  
 And in slow time to manufacture Light.  
 He signals from the shore to ships un-  
 seen,  
 He grinds like Samson in the vast ma-  
 chine,  
 So practical, exhaustless, recondite,  
 Wisdom seems energy, and Mind said  
 "Light."  
 Waves like a river to the stars traverse;  
 Of like constituents the universe;  
 So small our knowledge that it seems a  
 mite  
 And Man's probation almost infinite.

Each world, its note harmonious as a  
 flute,  
 Nothing but Ignorance is absolute;  
 Its dictum must the firmament transcend,  
 And find its comfort in "All this must  
 end!"

One half the globe was to the priests un-  
 known  
 Who legislated for the half alone  
 And Mother Earth, twin-breasted, is 'so  
 young  
 Her first sweet lullaby is hardly sung;  
 Health, truth, blown on him from the  
 Western breeze,  
 Her boy shall grow and be a Hercules,  
 Strangle the serpent and the knot untie,  
 That coils o'er intellect and destiny.

Scarce died the echoes clanked from slavery's chain

Ere fell the thousand years of bloody Spain.

The avarice of England staggers poor

Before the ancient spirit of the Boer.

Asia from trance awakens and from form;

Trodden too hard will turn at last the worm.

It is the Mind, delivered from the thong.

Rising to sunlight like the skylark's song.

Which speaks melodious to the brooding soul:

"No man another's thinking shall control!

Young feet are in the footprints of the dead;

Old lore is sprouting in the offspring's head;

Cupids are pushing on the golden ball;

The gain of one is heritage of all!

By cultivation Eden is refound.

Mind needs rotation as we seed the ground.

Pumpkins and beans alone the Indian eat.

He died because he never planted wheat.

Rotate the thoughts! Ideas old reverse!

Which follow us like the primeval curse!

Nothing but Learning this can comprehend:

Man is continuous though mortals end;

He passes like the sunbeam through the prism

And in effulgence loses egotism.

O better is the church that loves the world,

When Satan's standards are forever furled!

And better are the people and the state,

When they who terrorized do educate!

No longer kidnapped by our white pol-  
troons,  
Are freeborn men sold to the barracoons.  
No longer Princeton's rolls do Belials  
blur,  
Faithless to everything like Aaron Burr.  
The creed is changing out of despotism  
And human kindness cools the blistering  
chrism.

Perpetual morals rather sour than bless:  
There is a Bible in our consciousness!  
One only sin the Puritan could see,  
The sin that he had bad, of gallantry;  
His Sunday Blue Laws beat the drum and  
fife  
Around the rake who that day kissed his  
wife.  
If that loud warning still to sin adheres  
We would have Sundays, music of the  
spheres.

When on the Sabbath the Disciples took  
Some roasting corn contrary to the Book,  
The Pharisee, if we have strictly read,  
Went in the Temple and stood on his  
head.

The sects, like chanticleers, have cut  
their comb:  
As Drawyer's is deserted, so is Rome!  
Yet is the world gentle to men of gowns,  
Like the republics lenient to crowns;  
We make concessions for the good intent,  
And to the Friars are benevolent.  
To the old trees awhile we spare the axe,  
Though in their top boughs, Physics  
thunders facts.

Right is the course twixt dogma's stiff  
extremes  
As by opposing tides we sail the streams.  
Tiara, broadbrim, they are out of date,  
Pope, King and Elder, love our happy  
state,—

Thrill as its flag the Western zephyrs fan,  
And stand together on the Rights of Man.

The Jesuits, once feared, now make no  
din,

The common schools have stuffed that old  
coonskin.

The public schools have ushered out the  
monk.

Whose last Armada graduated junk.

And out with them, forgetting, we for-  
give,

Goes also "Calvin, the Accusative."

Choked is the fame of Calvin to inspire,

Since for a fellow saint he lit the fire!

No worldly judge would ever be so stern

And light a fire eternally to burn!

Who can desire those dismal doctrines  
back

Need say no more about the Papal rack.

Both are abhorrent to a people free

Linked in the faith of mutual liberty!

The General Assembly, full of praise,

Has sold out Tophet just eleven days;

Horns, hoofs and brimstone, quit the  
saints' corral;

Devils on earth were only doctrinal.

They found, they loosed and made the  
future rosy,

But could not do it but by viva voce;

Consistency was saved in the correction—

Infants and all are spared,—but by elec-  
tion.

When Berkeley said there was not matter  
any,

No matter real was in old Gehenna,

Though in the heads of some will still be  
Sheol,

Who do incorporate it their ideal;

Such, may we hope, in their next Sala-  
magundi,

Will not make off with other peoples'  
Sunday!

For holy days were holidays' beginning,  
And week-day smiles cannot be Sunday  
sinning.

Respite from work, from debt, from dirt,  
for one day,

Is holiness enough for human Sunday.  
Sabbath was made for man—and contri-  
butions,

And man guessed out most other institu-  
tions;

The first was life; next love, and last was  
Knowledge,

And those degrees are old as Eden's col-  
lege.

The posthorn breaks the seals, the dread-  
ful trump,

And all the laggard creeds make haste to  
hump.

These modern times dispense with inter-  
cessors,

With doctors, writers, prophets and pro-  
fessors;

There comes a voice of diocesan reach:  
"Stop all the trains!—Kirkpatrick wants  
to preach!"

Another voice, more feminine, prevails:  
"Yes, stop the cars, but let us have the  
males."

The churches must from trance and  
sloth rise up,

And from the world take the communion  
cup,

Not bank their fires on every day but one,  
And brand the tavern where our Christ  
began!

Open two doors, instead of closing all!

Give fruits for wealth ecclesiastical!

Example, more than admonition, cries:

"Start hands to skill and hearts to sym-  
pathies."

May not these kirks, with household  
ethics linked,

Train us up servants who are near ex-  
tinct?

Be manual schools the artist to mature,  
Or raise the hope of tottering literature?  
No time nor class a statesman needs to  
search

More than religion, with its garnished  
church.

Forms, names, assumptions to the scale  
are twirl'd,

And weighed upon the steel yard of the  
world.

A gentle spirit, warmed to public love,  
Is the descending of the mystic dove.

Nor yet concede when priestliness alone  
Claims every mighty agent for its own!

The public schools, the factories, the arts,  
The printing types, the banks, the checks,  
the marts,

Credit and faith and freedom were and  
are

Born of a spirit mundane, secular.

A century had Calvin been interr'd  
Before Westminster's creed our fathers  
heard;

They saw it born, we saw its hearse go  
hence,

And the birds sing and know no differ-  
ence,

Let sermons like the birds take song and  
sing!

The world can alter by hearts softening.  
The head, also, must shed its dreams of  
dread,

For the whole universe is in our head,—  
Each blood-drop tear-drop, spherically  
pure,—

And head and mind are worlds in minia-  
ture.

The joints, the eyes, move like the worlds  
 in space,  
 On curvatures they run their tranquil  
 race;  
 Shadows obscure but light disperses  
 fright;  
 We hope that God is Love; we know He's  
 Light.  
 Light has so many eyes from far afar,  
 All tender influences seem a star,  
 And out of hollow heaven rhyme on  
 rhyme,  
 Infinite lights a pacon sing to Time,  
 Blessing the orbéd systems which on  
 arcs  
 Wheel in their orbits like the wheeling  
 larks,  
 Strike not each other, but each other  
 bend.  
 And fly in circles that disclose no end;  
 Yet each, perhaps, its species oft sup-  
 plants,  
 Quickened to life by dead inhabitants;  
 The golden-tinted cloud that dies in  
 storms  
 Rose from the exhalation of the worms.  
 Rise, man! from fears of omen and of  
 fate  
 Time's life to lengthen and appreciate!  
 Revere yon tombs, wherein the dust is  
 spent  
 Of them who left us heir and resident!  
 Repeat the life that gave us life's be-  
 quest,  
 And trust to God and Nature for the rest.  
 Manhattan's child within our slender  
 state,  
 The self-same pulses beat which made  
 her great;  
 With Pennsylvania our motions run  
 Harmonious as the trigger in the gun.  
 Our boundary floats to Jersey's highest  
 tide;  
 The sap of Maryland is in our side.



Small as we seem, our history matures  
In paths as long as Europe's literatures.

Seven thousand sermons in old Drawyer's  
spun

Leave on the memory a single one,  
When Parson Foot, now sixty years gone  
by,

Turned from the clouds to local history.  
He brought the annals to our darkened  
sight

And gave to them a personal delight.  
The wakened congregation heard him  
speak,

Like Homer singing legends to the Greek;  
Faded away the prophets like the elves;  
The people heard the story of themselves.  
Like stocks made human by the pipe of  
Pan

Came music strains of former man to  
man,

Still down the three-score years this Kirk  
is blest,

Inhabited by history's interest;  
And to the silent marshes where the  
crane

And ospreys hermit, worshippers again,  
Migrate to be within the haunted mark  
Where Letters found a youthful patri-  
arch!

Oft have I seen him, in my tender age,  
At Newark, from the rival parsonage,  
Come down the steps with something in  
his look,—

I know it now: the spirit of a book.

It made him lofty where the rest seemed  
low,

They knew so little that he loved to know.  
That he did grope our broken records  
through

Invites me here to pay his shade its due,  
And join you in this annual jubilee,  
With echoes of his sober poetry!

Kind clergymen! whose windmill arms  
 are furled  
 By steammills and the genii of the world!  
 Draw from the clouds! Condense the hu-  
 man mists!  
 To your own churchyards be evangelists!  
 Give us that tale in every family fresh  
 Where Satan and Divinity in flesh  
 On our three Counties left a weird de-  
 scent  
 An old Levitiens, a Testament!  
 Trace down the rivers to the under zone  
 The Delawareans from the burial stone.—  
 Elk folks, and Chester, Sassafras invoke!  
 The Choptank and the winding Nanti-  
 coke!  
 The Cypress swamp that feeds the Po-  
 komoke!

Each to a wider world ran off its springs  
 And from their Exodus descended Kings.  
 Of all these preachings the perennial fruit  
 Is Danker, Sluyter, Lednum, Parson  
 Foot. (8)

Draw out our spin wheel to a weaver's  
 beam!

Relate our state to the Imperial theme!  
 Our lyric to the epic poem span  
 And be our limits wide American!

The Jews are rich, the patriarchs are  
 blest!

Come to the dawn of modern interest!  
 Push on like Moses in inspired spell  
 And write account of your own funeral!

In Dover did a dying Preacher grieve;  
 His heart was in the world he was to  
 leave;  
 He left a son and no provision left

---

8—Annalists of Delaware were Dank-  
 ers and Sluyter, and Reverends Lednum  
 and Foot.

But heaven's for the orphan boy bereft.  
 "What is it, brother, plagues thy labors  
 done?"

A politician said; the priest: "My son!"  
 "Leave him to me! That sorrow be thy  
 least."

And statesmen were descended from the  
 priest.

Their education ripened golden alms,  
 The music of the deed excelled the  
 psalms.

O! bread upon the waters is like rain,  
 That falls upon the suffocated grain;  
 The gospel is but mercy; help but prayer  
 That on the place beneath falls every-  
 where.

Small is the world amidst the worlds re-  
 plete

As was the apple that the woman eat,  
 But knowledge, boundless, juiceful in the  
 bite,

Still flavors life with life's appetite.  
 Far in the West our children's children  
 rise,

Like to the brood expelled from Paradise,  
 But tow'rd the East their intuitions  
 burn,

And to the East the wave will yet return!

Still do the wild fowl from the Arctic  
 steer,

To pasture in the salt depths year by  
 year,

Still do the shellfish fatten in the sounds,  
 The foxes double on the yelping hounds.  
 The ancient wheatfields yield their flour,  
 still,

The broad ponds turn the old Colonial  
 mill,

The ploughmen whistle to the same blue  
 jay,

And in the stacks the Blue Hen's chick-  
 ens play.

In the canal the muskrats thick abide  
 'Neath the broad feeder where the ves-  
   sels ride;  
 The railway sounds to every "Hundred"  
   mails,  
 The rock breakwater snelters fleets of  
   sails,  
 The shipwrights rivet where the warships  
   lean  
 Upon the ways above the spare Christine;  
 Our matches to the farthest nations sent,  
 Our powder shakes the mountain conti-  
   nent.  
 The cannon of our forts on foeman bear,  
 And guard the channel of the Delaware.

Part of the nation, in its fame we w'in,  
 In the near Indies or the far Peking,  
 Fresh as the Lotus lilies in our seas,  
 We scent the future with our destinies.

United States from Holland took address  
 Which had been styled United Provinces.  
 To Congress the States-General led the  
   way  
 Before Columbus and America.  
 How like to Holland are our river views!  
 Our dikes of cattle and our reedy slews!  
 But joining earliest a nation's thought  
 We are the empire that the Dutchman  
   sought.  
 And they by Orange princes cramped to  
   dearth,  
 Are unto us an orange to an earth.

Our boy, MacDonough, England did con-  
   front;  
 In iron rain, to prayers, beat great Du-  
   pont;  
 Our step-son, Wilson, on the Yellow Sea,  
 Shakes out our flag to easy victory,—  
 The flag that knows no difference in its  
   stars.  
 And holds no slave behind its blood-  
   scoured bars.

Love thou thy neighbor than thyself no  
less,  
Is sum and substance of religiousness.

Those saints who to the churchyard add  
their grime  
Moved tow'rd the light in their imperfect  
time;  
They had departed from a former date,  
They would not tithe nor transsubstanti-  
ate.  
Resistance was their progress, God's de-  
cree,  
A step toward the civil liberty.

Strike reveille, as to the muster drum!  
Christ, never dead, is in His childhood  
come!  
Sound trump to them who moulder on  
their swords!  
"The Earth and all its fulness, are the  
Lord's!"













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